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POETRY.

From the Liverpool Chronicle. OLD TIME. BY LINNEUS BANKS.

There's a mighty old spirit abroad in the air, nd his footsteps are visible every where:

ha h been on the mountain all hoary with years,
left it bedewed in an ocean of tears;
hath clambered o'er turret, and battlement gray, He hath swept through the torest, and laid, at a blow, The stalwart oak, chief of the leasy tribe, low; In Art, as in Nature, the vast and sublime, All speak of the visits of the graybeerd Time.

He's a skeleton thing with a countenance grim, All toothless his gums, and his eyeballs dim; A two edged-sythe in his lank, bony hand, His 'scutcheon's hatchment of glass-ebbing sand; A tiar of jewels, worm-eaten and black, And arrows omnipotent hung at his back. He mounts on the lightaing, he leaps with the wind, Destroying and scattering, before and behind. The sun dial's shadow, the old abby's chime, Denote with a warning the mission of

He roameth unwearied by night and by day, A daring old footpad, still tracing our way; He feareth no dungeon, no judicial fate, But plundereth alike from the beggard and great, He nestleth with youth in its valley of flowers.

And sporteth with love thro' the eagle-winged hours;
But the bald-pated laird, and the tremulous knee, The most he delighteth with ever to be;
While the wounded in hears, and the deepest in crim,
Beg a call from his mighty physician, Old Time. He mindeth the truffic, both early and late,

That lineth the road to Eternity's gate, And passeth none by, shod with earth's clayey mire, But he taketh the body as toll for his hire. The grandee may sit in his richly caived chair, And the life's blood of insects indignantly were; The monarch may rule as a god, on his throne, O'er the leasehold of ashes he calleth his own; But the spoiler at last round their strongholds shall

And "six feet of earth" be the conquest of Time

The following lines, written by Mr. Anans in the A!bum of a young lady, are published for the first time in the Saturday Emporium.

TO MISS E-One day batween the lip and heart A wordless strife arose, Which was experiest in the art

The Lip called for his vassal Tongue, And made him vouch-a lie! The slave his servile anthem sung, And brav'd the listening sky.

The Heart, to speak, in vain essayed, Nor could his parpose reach— His will nor voice nor tongue obeyed; His silence was his speech.

Mark thou their difference, child of Earth! White each performs his part: Not all the Lip can speak is worth 'The silence of the Heart!

JOHN Q. ADAMS, WASHINGTON CITY.

THE MARINER'S LAMP.

A TALE OF SCIO.

In one of those little bays, or rather inlets, which indent the coast of Scio and the other Greek Islands, lay, during a breathless calm, a graceful and elegant schooner. This vessel, of the character usually used in the trade of the Archipelago, was sufficiently superior in her appointments to notice. Her long, of her aged domestic. Then wrapping herself in a low hull, of an uniform black, rose not more than cloak and hood, she hurried down to the beach, to ring two long years-for two long years has Clio three feet from the water's edge, including the diminutive bulwarks, while her raking masts were disproportionately high. Her huge main-boom showed in such a way as to leave no doubt of their being what a vast amount of canvas was packed on her, seen by any vessel endeavoring to make the harbour slet us to thy cottage, and there we can mutually while a square sail, flying topsails, foresails, and jib, Returning to her cottage, Clio now felt somwhat proved her fully appointed for fair and fowl weather. relieved. She had the satisfaction of feeling that Her rigging was taut and neat, while the end of her the little in her power had been done. Still hours flying gear lay coiled on the deck with an attention passed, the storm abated not, and no sign was heard to order which spoke volumes for the discipline on board. Her jib alone, of all her sails, was loose, and larmed, and presently, during a fearful gust of wind that hung lazily over the long protruding boom sha- that threatened to shake the tenement she dwelt ken only by the motion of the vessel as it rose an fell in about her ears, fell on her knees, and vowed that on the never resting billows. The anchor chain had if heaven would save her lover, every night during been hauled in, so as to be right up and down, proclaiming that wind alone was wanted to send the lamps at her window, and feed them during the hours Before a cottage door, a few hundred yards from though still racked with care and anxiety, the tedious

the beach, and in a position to command a full view hours passed, and morning at length came. At dawn of the entrance of the bight, was a young man, who of day, the Greek girl was upon the beach, gazing his costume, might have been readily supposed of her crew. It was in reality her commander. Zetros Zeulonghi owned the schooner that floated in unfurling the sails, which had been handed during upon the water like a duck, and fixed his eye in all that admiring gaze which the sailor ever bestows upon the vessel that he rules. Zetzos was calling the attention of a young girl, the owner of the cottage, to the beauty of the Clio-so he called his chooner after the maiden who stood by his side.

Clio was an orphan and an heiress. That it is to say, she owned the cottage she lived in, enough land Every night at eventide the lamps were lit and well to yield her an income, and to enable her to support filled while Clio, ever anxious, would, in the still an aged female domestic. It may be naturally sup- watches of the night, rise and replenish them, lest posed, therefore, that Clio had numberless suitors, and the supposition was but a part of the truth, for with Byron's Medorathey came in shoals, which very often is the case when a girl is pretty rich, and amiable. Zetzos was of the number, and there was something in the frank, manly, though somewhat wild character of evade, may or may not want relaxing; but a life of port, that otherwise would never have entered it.— plougher of the land, instead of a plougher of the constant violation of the law, is one which is sure to The village increased in importance—the inhabitants deep. They prospered, and prosper still; nor did engender more of evil than of good. So thought blessed Clio, but Zestos came not; he for whom the Clio neglect her vow, as her her husband each day in a big eddy under a shady willow, until they are be ceased his violation of the laws, and added to his ing whom made it light and pressuration. Moved by this determination, the Clio was now to sail for the last time mination, the Clio was now to sail for the last time with a rich cargo, and in future to be a schooner with a rich cargo, and in future to be a schooner with a rich cargo, and in future to be a schooner with a rich cargo, and in future to be a schooner with a rich cargo, and in future to be a schooner with a rich cargo, and in future to be a schooner with a rich cargo, and in future to be a schooner with a rich cargo, and in future to be a schooner with a rich cargo, and in future to be a schooner with a rich cargo, and in future to be a schooner task, and for many a restless hour out-watched each dy, who steps like an open winged turkey travelling after some foolish pleasure and chase it, and keep dy, who steps like an open winged turkey travelling after some foolish pleasure and chase it, and keep dy, who steps like an open winged turkey travelling after some foolish pleasure and chase it, and keep dy, who steps like an open winged turkey travelling after some foolish pleasure and chase it, and keep dy, who steps like an open winged turkey travelling after some foolish pleasure and chase it, and keep dy, who steps like an open winged turkey travelling after some foolish pleasure and chase it, and keep dy, who steps like an open winged turkey travelling after some foolish pleasure and chase it. and approbation of all constituted authorities.

such neat creatures ?"

not make this voyage."

ken; but I see death in this enterprise."

for a few days, and then farewell my trade, and all which, on such nights, it had long been familiar-it for thee.

manœuvre was watched with an anxious eye, and one dared to anchor. too, that understood the handling of every sail, and The lovely Greek girl listened with charmed the object of every rope; for Zetzos had with delight senses to all that passed, and presently had the taught his mistress all that gave him so much pleas- satisfaction of seeing the brig, for so it, proved, ure. At length the schooner rounded a point, and riding at anchor under bare poles. A loud order the scene. The day had been serene and lovely, the der the lee of the land was no very difficult under- but heeds it not; he is happy once more. But have but few of our mothers know we're out. skywas blue and cloudless, with all the mellow sweet- taking; and dresently a party having entered it, you done this? I'm afraid you are but a butterfly, ness common to the Meditterranean; but the night began to pull for land. The task was no easy one promised otherwise. The sun set in an angry bank The sea was tolerably smooth, but the wind blew she stood at the threshold, and watched with intense tom. In a few minutes more, six sturdy sailors adulation; yes, sold to that old snake with a fish De Ulloa at Vera Cruz, and taking it if he can. the dark columns of vopour which at first rose only beach. Two men now left the cutter, and landed. in the east, spread with awful rapidity over the whole They spoke; their language was modern Greek, how he will strip off that finery, and raise a dust for It has been reported that Commodore Warrington face of the heavens, and canopied them in black; a though one used it but badly. rumbling sound of thunder was heard in the distance at a distance vast and immesurable, a gentle lightning find its way in the dark is a mystery to me." up of some dark fringe of cloud, hanging on the skirts She was too well versed in the signs of warning night is more than I can say." which nature gives of her convulsions not to know that a fearful tempest was brewing, and would sweep all our lives," said the other. grimly o'er that night. So sudden is the advent of | She was rewarded now, and, oh, how rich! She a gale in the Meditterranean, that ere she thought had been proud of saving lives before; but now it, it was upon her, and Clio retired trembling to her had saved her lover.

Her first thought was that Zetzos would again brought him back to life!" try to enter the bay he had left; and with this fancy in her head, she sprang to a shelf, and taking there- beach at this hour!" from two antique and valuable lamps, placed them heart beat with joy when she saw that they burned or seen of the schooner. Again the girl became aof darkness. Clio rose from her knees relieved, and with straining eyes upon the main. Not a sail was in sight, save, afar off, a square-rigged vessel engaged the storm. The tapering spars of the Clio were nowhere visible on the horizon.

The day passed and many other days, and yet no tidings of the schooner or her master. Deep was the affliction of the lovely young Greek, the more that if her lover had perished, it was while pursuing an unlawful trade. But Clio was true to her vow. their brightness should fade. She, too, could cry

"Still would I rise to rouse the beacon fire,

Lest spies less true should let the blaze expire. like to his calling, which was that to speak in soft port, when otherwise, perhaps, the boat had founder- reached the desired haven. language, of an unlawful trader, It is wonderful ed, and all had perished. Far and wide spread the how the many smpathize with the bold smuggler .- fame of this pious and delicate act of the despairing Zetzos, who, having taken his command, returned to This a mistaken sympathy. The laws which they Greek girl. Many a vessel made that little bay their | Scio, and wedded his faithful mistress, becoming a Clio : and Clio had vowed to wed Zetzos only when task was first begun, and the faint hope of again see- blesses, so do many others, the Mariner's Lamp. he ceased his violation of the laws, and added to his ing whom made it light and pleasurable. Three, six

One evening, about two years after the departure over a bed of hot ashes,

"Is she not lovely, like her mistress," said the of Zestos, another storm, almost equal in fierceness enthusiastic sailor, gazing affectionately on his ves- to that which had followed the departure of the sel, "and may not a man be proud of owning two schooner, burst upon the waters of the Meditterranean : and Clio who was ever faithful to the memo-"You talk boldly of both, Zetzos," replied Clio ry of the horrors of that night, attempted not to re- abused saying, were you as fond of one as the other, you would tire to rest, but sitting up beside her lamps, carefully trimmed them, and looked with anxiety for the mor-"The last the very last," said the young man gaily ning, thinking of long ago. At length wearied with and then my Clio will give me a right to say that sitting beside her tiny beacons, she wrapped herself out. warmly in her cloak, and caring not that the chill 'I have so promised, and my word was ever true," blast blew upon her head, walked down to the beach continued the beautiful Greek girl, more sadly still; The heavens were once more clothed in pitchy black an hour," added she impetuously, "to spare this voy- ly in her care. Turning back, the che rful glimmer age. I speak as I thought I never could have spo- of her beacons alone looked hopeful in all the whole scene around and thy twinkled star-like in a whole The young man's brow was overcast for a moment heaven of darkness. Poor Clio, her thoughts centerand then she cried, "Tis hard to dally with such an ed on one dear object, walked along the beach, heedoffer; but see, the wind gently stirs; I feel it fanning less of the wild fury of the wind, and of the foaming my cheek warmly from the hills. Adieu, my Clio, billows at her feet, when a sound met her ear, to was the swinging of the yards of a large vessel, at The sailor embraced his weeping mistress, and no great distance, in the bay. She listened-the then hastened down to the beach, leaped into a light storm seemed to drown every sound; and then askiff, and shortly stood upon his deck, where he gain the flapping of sails, the creaking of yards, waved his cap, in another adieu, to his promised bride and then the swift hurrying of the chain cable Then the merry sound of a sailor's song was heard, through the hawse-hole showed that a vessel was the anchor was tripped, the main and foresail were about to anchor. The faint outlines of a large hoisted up, and bellied to the wind, when the light ship now caught her eye, and again Clio thanked schooner, under her captain's steerage, headed for heaven that she had thought of the mariner's lamp the open sea, and gently glided out of the harbour. for without it surely no vessel could have entered

"That lamp proved a mighty lucky thing. I must while the faint glimmer of lightning came fitfully say. I do believe but for it we should have never If she does she is unfaithful to her trust—she ought and as soon as a breach is made the Castle is to upon the startled senses. Afar off upon the water, got into these snug quarters, for how a ship is to

"Heaven be thanked for that light, which if I misof the horizon, showed that the electric fluid was at take not, comes from a cottage I know full well; woman, and then when you're abroad any body will Taylor by Monterey. work upon the bosom of the deep. Clio shuddered. though what the girl can want up at this time of

"Never mind, heaven bless her, for she has saved

"Zetzos!" she cried, "Zetzos! Have I then

"Clio," the astounded mariner replied, "on the

"Yes, Zetzos," the girl shrieked rather than said, at the window, and lighting them, left them in charge as she hung upon his neck, "and it was no accident know where's the nicest, titest pants, with the stronsaved your life. That lamp has burned for you dusee if they gave sufficient light to be remarked. Her watched, and you have come at last, and saved by the color of a vest, but you never studied the geor-

> "My Clio," said the young sailor, deeply affected, explain. My friend and supercargo will accompany

Clio, with a proud, grateful, glad, and bursting heart, led the way, and when the first burst of joy ing glass, but you dont know how a man feels after and delight was over, what an exquisite Clio she was and how she was, and how she attended to the comforts of the wearied sailors, how she would provide ed, babboon-shouldered, caliper-legged, goose-eyed, them with warm food and drink ere a word was said, sheep-faced, be-whiskered drone in the world's beewere all in admirable keeping with her character .-Zetzos followed her movements with proud and cheat your tailor, to lisp by note a line from some moistened eyes; and no sight could be more pleasing than that rough sun-burnt sailor, softened as a woman under the influence of happiness and love. They fool shamefully. I say does your mother know you're then their stories were told. That of Clio is already You are of no more use in this world than a time known. Zetzos, on the night of the old Storm, had piece in a beaver dam, or a hair-mattrass in a hog pen. been wrecked, the schooner striking on the rock. On You fill no larger space in the world's eye than the this the crew saved themselves, and were in the mor- toe nail of a musqueto would in a market house, or a ning picked up by an American vessel, bound from stump tailed dog in all out doors; you are as little Leghorn to New York. Having, when a lad, served thought of as the fellow who knocked his grandmothin English and United States' ships, Zestos, who had er's last tooth down her throat, and as for your brains lost his all, took service. His talents as a seaman ten thousand such could be preserved in a drop of were at once appreciated, and in New York he found brandy and have as much sea room as a tad-pole in ample employment. His conduct giving universal Lake Superior-and as for your ideas, you have but satisfaction, he was at length entrusted with a brig one, and that is stamped on your leaden scull an inch bound for Leghorn, accompanied by a supercargo, deep, that tailors and females were to be gulled by who knew the Mediterranean well. Overtaken by you, and that you think decent people envy your apstorm, the young captain had run for shelter to Scio, pearance. trusting to his knowledge of the coast to enable him to run into his favourite bay. What he could do Does your mother know you're out? It is lunck with his quick schooner was not so easily done with time, so start, buy a brandy toddy on tick from some And great was her reward. Many a fishing bark the square-rigged yessel, and Zetzos was about to good natured landlord, eat lunch till you're as tight belonging to the village hard by was, by the timely turn her head seaward, when the Mariner's Lamp as a drum, sneak to bed and think of nothing until the sailor, which won upon her heart despite her dis- apparition of Clio's lamp at night, piloted safely into caught his eye, and guided by the welcome light, he you are fast asleep, to dream of apes, pant straps, and

A happy woman was Clio, and a happy man was

SHORT PATENT SERMON. BY DOW, JR.

the hill of time, my text to-day is that much used and floweres to rise no more. I then think, poor fool,

"Does your Mother know you're Out." Poor, silly, inflated grub-worms, I would say from

trail after him, and on your back a peck of bran, and mother know he was out. mincing your gait, like you were picking your way | When I see a boy leaving the prison door, after a horn a worm to die an insect.

Ah, I don't half like that laugh; it was forced;of vapour in the west, the wind scattered mares' with terrific violence, and yet did the superiors urge you pretend to be pleased with that fool's wit, when tails in profusion over the heavens, and in about an the men to perserve. Stoutly did the rowers lay you know it was stolen! Oh, why such deceit, gidmammy Eve in Adam's truck path-and oh, scissors! ron. not to be trusted again, any more than the man who stormed. stole a handful of acorns from the blind sow. Go know that your mother knows that you are out.

> lainously spoiled in making up, I'll attend to your ezumas, a distance of 300 miles. case. For what end did you burst open the world's This is a long and weary way, but it has some admad bull? What good do you expect to bestow on your fellow men? Some uesful invention, some heroic act, some great discovery, or even one solitary remark? No; those that look for any good thing from you, will be just as badly fooled as the man who gest straps, on "tick," but you dont know where the next useful lecture is be delivered. You know geous hues of a rainbow, unless it was to wish for Britain. a piece to make a cravat of: you know how a fool feels in full dress, but you don't know how a man feels when he eats the bread earned by the sweat of his brow; you know how a monkey looks for you see one every day twenty times in your land-lady's lookdoing a good action; you dont know where the sight is to be seen. Oh, you wasp-waisted, cat-fish mouthhive! What are you good for? Nothing but to poetaster, sentimentally talk love, eat oysters gravely, smoke cigars lazily, and make silly girls act the upped, the men having returned to the ship; and out? I am afraid you have no mother nor never had.

Poor useless tobacco worm! You are a case. tailor's bills, not to wake until the dinner bell calls you to eat again.

How many harmless, shallow mortals of another order go scudding about on the sarface of the world's great waters, without an aim, without a motive, guided only by chance, whim or impulse, like a melon top ary advertisement. swallowed up by the greedy jaw of death, and the first they know, they know nothing; when I see one

chasing it like a schoolboy does a butterfly, until they

wear out the coat of the constitution, beating the ground in the vain hope of catching the swift phan-My dear dandies and belles, flops and flirts down tom and finally fall into some hidden pit covered with your mother don't know you're out-nor won't be out soon.

When I see a young man step into the skiff of dis your shines and capers that she don't know you're sipation and start down the stream of pleasure, using the oars of imprudence, while folly holds the helm, You, young lady with a parasol like a wilted cab- passing the shores of propriety faster than a streak bage leaf on a ram-rod, and chains of hair down each of lightning can pass a sick crow, and at last draw creek, looking as though a bottle-tailed spider dipped over the falls of total destruction and dashed into as but I have my fears. Zetzos, I would wed you in and the hollow moaning of the waves sounded ghast- in blacking had been making an everlasting elope- many atoms as a drop of water from a four story ment over your rouge-colored face, leaving a broad roof, I then ask myself, for I can't ask him, did his

among rotton eggs, or were bare-footed in a briar- long and dreary confinement, with pale features and patch, and your arm linked to a brainless dandy, (but withered hands, his step weak and tottering, and I'll come at him as soon as I am done with you,) skulking along, dodging all he meets, like a guilty wiggling along the street-and for what? To hunt thing, shielding his eyes from the usual glare of dayup indignant virtue, or suffering innocence, to pour light, cut from the society of his fellow being for balm on the wounded spirit of poverty?-or only to some trivial offence committed in the unerring tho'tsmear your giddy heart with the corroding grease of lessness of boyhood, (when if mild treatment had vanity, to hear fools whisper as you pass, "what a been resorted to, and the crime buried in silence, and fair girl?" Remember, vain one, beauty is but skin inducements held out to him to think well of himself, deep, and the storms of matrimony and the bleak perhaps that boy might have been saved from treadwinds of affliction, rubs it all out and leaves the ing the path of villany,) I say, when I see this, I countenance bare and unbecoming as a weather-beat- think of the gray-baired mother at home-if a hovel en barn-door, unless you put on a coat of the lasting can be a home—the scalding tears of misery chasing paint of meekness, worth and love under the varnish each other down her cheek bones, and her only hope of beauty. If you can laugh like him who wins, and -her son-while her boiled-looking eye rests on Clio was a charmed spectator of all this. Every that bay at night during the gale much more have you know that you are still loved and lovely, and nothing; I say to myself, poor suffering woman, you that you are yet beautiful, now that the gloss which don't know he is out-yes, he is out; out of jail;hid your worth and goodness beneath its dazzling out of friends; out of money; out of credit, and out glare is gone, you shed a happy influence on all near of the world, a scoundrel for the rest of his days, all you, and make us poor erring mortals feel just like a for the commission and punishment of a boyish man almost frozen feels when he sits down by a crime. So the world goes, and so it so it will conwas lost to view, just as evening began to fall upon was now given to lower away the boat, which uncheerful fire at his own home. He hears the storm tinue to go, until it is run down, and I begin to think

We'll be dismissed.

MILITARY MOVEMENTS. Correspondence of the Jour. of Commerce. WASHINGTON, JUNE 7,

It is now understood that Commodore Conne hour after sundown began to howl fitfully round the to their task, and at length the exclamation, "in dy, fluttering worm of the cabbage patch! You are has orders for refitting his squadron at Pensacola, lonely cottage. Clio's sensitive heart took alarm ; oars" proclaimed that her keel had touched the bot- sold, soul and body, for a little empty, windy, useless for the purpose of attacking the Castle of St. Juan anxiety the progress of the storm. It increased; were in the water, and running the boat up on the hook on his tail, the same snake that fooled your It is said that two ships will be added to his spuad-

> a mile around, with that peck of bran. Say, flower- is to command the Expedition, but that is doubtful. sucking butterfly, does your mother know you're out? The squadron is to carry very heavy Paixhan guns,

> Col. Kearney's force will take the route by Santa home, gossamer, and try to prepare yourself to be a Fe, and Gen. Wool's by Chihuahua and Major Gen.

The various divisions of the army will concen-Now, you that was cut out for a man, but was vil- trate at San Potosi whence it will march to the Mont-

door, and rushed in uncalled, like a man chased by a vantages. This plan of invasion will make thor-It will give us possession of the country on the

upper Rio Grande, and cut off all communication between the north and south provinces and the Capitol The distance from Tampico to Mexico is 300 miles. caught the skunk and thought it a kitten; or the The statement we heard some days ago that the Pa-

woman who made greens of gun-powder tea. You cific squadron had orders to take possession of the posts and harbors of California, is confirmed by a statement in the official papers. They are probably now in our possession, and will

remain so unless we have some resistance from Great

Should the war continue one year, I look upon it that California will be so thoroughly revolutionized that popular sentiment will forbid its surrender to Mexico on any terms; and it will ultimately be made an integral portion of this Union.

DR. FRANKLIN'S MORAL CODE .- Our great Amercan philosopher and statesman, Benjamin Franklin, drew up the following list of moral virtues, to which he paid constant and earnest attention, and thereby made himself a better and happier man.

Temperance.-Eat not to fullness; drink not to ele-

Silence.-Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation. Order .- Let all your things have their places; let

each part of your business have its time. Resolution .- Resolve to perform what you ought;-

perform without fail what you resolve. Frugality.-Make no expense but to do good to

others or yourself : that is, waste nothing. Industry.-Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions. Sincerity.-Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently

and justly; and if you speak, speak accordingly. Justice .- Wrong none by your injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.

Moderation .- Avoid extremes; forbear resenting in-

Cleanliness.- Suffer no uncleanliness in body, clothes or habitation.

Tranquility .- Be not disturbed by trifles, or at accidents common and unavoidable. Humility.-Imitate Jesus Christ.

An exchange paper says "a wise man will speak well of his neighbor, love his wife, (his neighbor's Wife?) and pay for his newspaper." Better pay that in advance.

The first newspaper published in Virginia, was at Williamsburg in 1780. The terms were \$50 per annum for the paper, and \$10 per week for an ordin-

A LOVER'S CONSOLATION,

A mistress I've lost, it is true; But one comfort attends the disaster That had she mistress remained, I could not have called myself master.

As no roads are so rough as those that bave just been mended, so no sinners are so intolerant as those that have just turned saints.